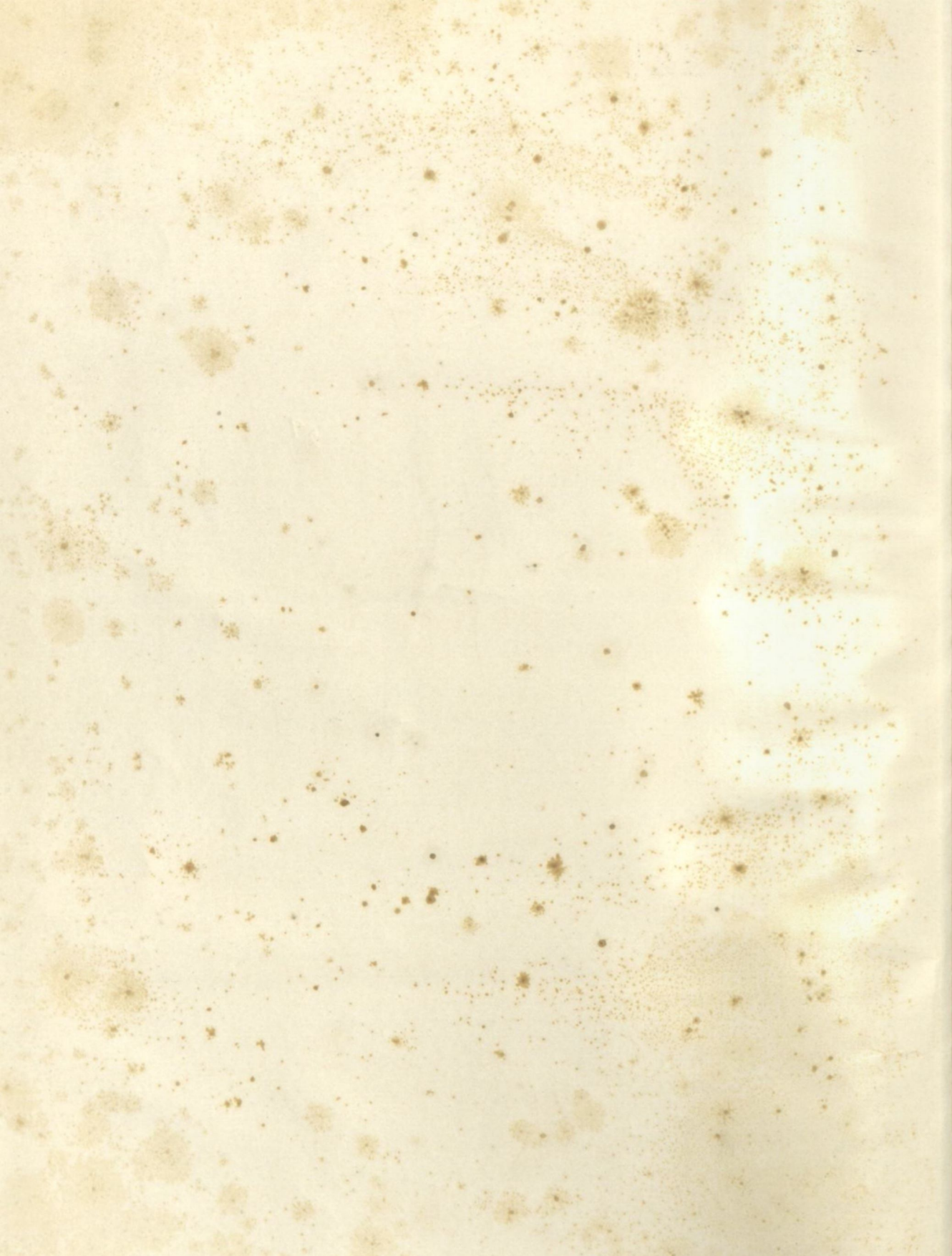


# THE WESLEYAN

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# THE WESLEYAN

## WESLEYAN COLLEGE

MACON, GEORGIA



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THE WESLEYAN

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## ANNOUNCING—

Believing that *The Wesleyan* is too dependent on the work of its staff members and regular contributors, the editors are sponsoring a contest to uncover new talent on the campus.

1. Eligibility: Open to all students except members of *The Wesleyan* staff.
2. Classification: Entries may be in any one of these three fields, fiction, essay, and poetry. A contestant may submit entries in all three fields if she so desires.
3. Closing date: October 27.
4. Judges: *The Wesleyan* staff will make the preliminary selection. Dr. George Warren Gignilliat, Jr., will make the final judgments.
5. Prizes: Cash awards of five dollars each will be made to the winners in each of the three classifications. Winner will be published in *The Wesleyan*.
6. Honorable Mention: Future issues of *The Wesleyan* will carry material which in the opinion of the judges is worthy of publication in the college magazine.

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## THE HONORABLE JAMES FARRIDAY

Yes, sir, Jim Farriday was a fine man. I guess he had more friends around here than anybody else in town. Everybody looked up to him and respected him—the Honorable James Farriday they called him. I guess that was because of his community interest and the way he looked out for everybody.

Him and me used to be big buddies. He used to tell me afore he'd tell anybody else when he was running for mayor and that time he run for senator he told me about how the people had insisted he run before he ever told his wife. On election day I'd round up the boys and show them how to vote. I always had a lot of friends being's I hang around the city park so much where they come to talk.

He wasn't one not to appreciate my getting him votes. He would come by after election and buy me all the beer I could drink. He never touched it himself and he couldn't go into the beer parlor with me because it would lose him votes, but he'd hand me a wad of bills and wink and tell me to have a big time.

He was a pleasant looking guy—short with broad shoulders and an honest, frank face. He had a way of carrying himself that made you think he owned the world. It made people have confidence in him. He did a lot for the town—he got the city hall built that time instead of building a library like some of the women wanted to do. He kept that uniform factory out of town. He never was one to tolerate the element of people a thing like that would bring in.

He fixed it so the ice cream parlor would close, too. He saw how wrong it was for the young people to go in and listen to a juke box at night. Yeah, Jim was one of the first to condemn that sinful dancing.

He started the campaign to close the swim-

ming pool, too. He realized how that water could be more useful in other ways. He didn't believe in people being so indecent like that.

I've known him all my life. I went through school with him. His daddy owned the building my old man rented his store in and I used to see Jim when they'd come to collect rent.

Jim's family was just about the oldest in town and they owned more land than anybody else. They never was snooty, though, and they'd act just like everybody else.

When me and Jim was little we'd play together more than we played with anybody else. We used to like to play Rome and he'd be the master and I'd be the runaway slave. When we got older we'd play like we was soldiers—he'd be the general and me the captain.

He was smart'n anybody else in school. He'd make the best grades and be in all the plays and win all the prizes. The teachers bragged on Jim and said he'd go places. There was one old teacher who tried to give Pete Perkins the lead in the senior play instead of Jim. Jim showed everybody how bad Pete was in the part and we laughed at Pete so that he quit the play. Jim told that old teacher that he was taking the role. He did and that teacher wasn't elected to come back the next year. Jim knew how to fix her.

Jim went away to college after high school and I went to work for my old man. Jim didn't stay to graduate from his college because there were people there who tried to keep him from making the best grades and who tried to hold him back.

He came back and took over his daddy's business. It didn't take him long to be superintendent of Sunday School and mayor and president of the Board of Education. After that they

kept electing him over and over.

Jim and Mary Timmerun called themselves sweethearts all through school. Everybody took it for granted they'd get married. She was awful good looking with hair all blond and fluffy and big blue eyes.

When Jim went away to college there was a guy by the name of Bill McNeil who took to her like wild fire. The thing about it was she acted like she went for him, too. They were seen together everywhere and it even got out that they might get married.

Well, I have to admit that this McNeil was a good looking fellow and he did right well with his law practice that he set up in town. He used to come by the store for cigarettes and he'd act like a real gent. He was the kind of guy who never counted his change. He was all right. Some people didn't like him because he never went out of his way to speak, but I got along with him all right.

Somebody must have written Jim because when he came home he'd date everybody but Mary. Not long after Jim got home the news got out somehow about Bill being a wild sort of person. Well, news will mount up in a small town and before long everybody knew about his dark past. Nobody wanted him for a lawyer anymore and he finally had to leave town.

I don't rightly know what happened between Bill and Mary but she must have heard the stories that went around. Anyway, a month after he left she married Jim.

Their wedding was a big blowout. I didn't get invited but I read about it in the society news and I saw the cars in front of the church. They made a nice couple, Jim and Mary did.

They lived in the biggest house in town. They'd have big parties and invite all the big wigs in town. Everybody said that Jim and Mary was the leaders in everything.

Jim had the friendliest way about him. He was everybody's friend. The first time he run for mayor he came by the store and asked me

all about the business. He told me he was running and how he'd appreciate my vote. He said he was the kind who didn't like to run for things, but it looked like his friends pushed it off on him for the good of the community. He said he wouldn't go out and campaign. That was up to his friends, he said.

He told me about some of the ideas he had for improving the town and asked me over to his office to see him sometime. I always had a gift for gab, he said, and he'd like to see me more often.

I went out and rounded up lots of the boys to vote for him. He was awful generous—he'd hand them out cigars and things and talk to them about crops and business in general. He talked about giving them better jobs and improving business in the community. It was good to see a man like that go in office.

Jim was as honest as they come about his election. He'd never buy a vote or go out and ask people to elect him. After the story got out about the first guy who run against him never going to church and the one about that Jones fellow who run having a still out from town, nobody ever bothered to run against Jim.

When Jim ran for senator I went out all around the county getting him votes. He went in by a landslide.

It was about that time that my business lost out. I went to Jim for help and he suggested that rather than raise the capital to save the store I let it go and clerk for whoever took over. I never would have thought of that, but Jim always knew what to do.

Yeah, he always had the good of others at heart. When young Jeb Barker ran into Mark Walter's car and tried to pay for the damage himself, it was Jim who called up and told Jeb's folks about it. He told Anne Smith's folks about her going out with that wild Perkins boy, too. There ain't many men who'd put themselves out for others so.

Jim had one of the big fights of his life over

that flying school they wanted to bring here. Jim said all that about a war being on its way was propaganda and that we'd never go in and fight England's war again. He said all this war talk was just somebody's story to scare people.

When they tried to get the field to train pilots for our town he fought it as hard as he could. He convinced everybody what a demoralizing influence that many boys around town would be. He wouldn't stand for it, he said. They didn't bring the school here but lots of stubborn people got so's they didn't like Jim.

That hurt him because he liked for everybody to be his friend. He tried hard to bring them round but some people can just act ordinary. Jim realized how ordinary these people were, but he still tried to be friends.

Jim did a lot for the church, too. He was superintendent of Sunday School for thirty years. He stopped that idea of having a special children's choir for church services right quick. He and nine others had given their services for twenty years and he certainly wasn't going to see them put a lot of yelling children in their place.

When they had the fuss in church over whether the church would support the orphans' home or put in new windows like Jim wanted, Jim got up in church and made a speech that would have made the devil himself cry. Jim offered to resign his position in church and he told them all the things he had done for the people. They kept him on as superintendent and we got new windows named in honor of Jim.

He got rid of that young preacher with the wild ideas, too. That young upstart was spreading a crazy idea about religion not being all in the church. That preacher was even seen dancing at Mary Lambert's. Jim saw that he was put out of the church. There was no end to the things Jim done for this town.

The town failed Jim, too. Yes sir, after all

he did for this town, it failed him. Last September they elected Pete Perkins mayor instead of Jim. Jim confided to me that Pete had won by telling tales about Jim's kids. Somebody had gotten out the story round town that Pete's son was a slacker. Pete said that it wan't true, that his son was too young and I guess that was true because young Pete left for the navy last week. Anyhow Pete accused Jim of spreading the story. Jim said that he'd never stoop to bringing personalities into an election. Lots of people took up for Pete, though, and it was after that that the stories about Jim's kids got out. People started feeling sorry for him again now that he got treated like he did after all his unselfishness. Jim acted big about the things Pete spread and told people not to condemn him too much. Yeah, I guess that was what I liked best about Jim, his fairness.

Jim took Pete's winning the election like a man. He was still just as interested in everybody and went out of his way to speak to people. He offered to help Pete out and he was first to notice that the new mayor was spending too much money. He had to bring it before the city council for the good of the whole town. They rebuked Pete, but they didn't turn him out of office like Jim said they ought to do.

The church went against him, too. Jim stood up in church and said he'd resign his position if that Davis girl was allowed to have her child christened. She couldn't even name the father and Jim said he wouldn't tolerate her. Some of the radicals in the church went against him and let him resign.

Everybody felt awful sorry for him about his kids. He was such a good man and had done everything for them. It shows you how unappreciative kids can be. Everybody in town was on Jim's side though.

Last week they asked Jim to dedicate the new library. They were naming it for Pete Perkins because of his work in getting it. Yes sir, after all the things Jim had done for the

town they were naming the library the Perkins Memorial Library. Jim made a beautiful speech though, and told about all the things his family had done for the community.

Everybody in town respected Jim. Everybody looked up to him and called him the "first citizen."

It was an awful shock to me today when I heard the news. I still can't figure it out. Last night Jim Farriday sat down at his desk and put a bullet through his brain.

No sir, I can't figure why a man like Jim would do a thing like that. He left a note addressed to the people of the town. In it Jim

said that he had devoted his whole life to his town and his family, and they had both deserted him. He said that there was only one thing left for him to do. The town had killed him. He said that he hoped maybe someday folks would realize what he had done for them and maybe after he was dead they'd appreciate him and build a monument or something for him.

Now you see why I've told you this story. Maybe you'll do something about building a memorial or something to the Honorable James Farriday.

## CONSOLATIONS

*Phantom caresses of the first spring breeze,  
The desolate stillness of a snowy field,  
The gentle smile in a baby's dream,  
Nostalgic tunes of a lone whippoorwill,  
A sentinel over the sleeping earth.  
A harvest moon whose beams play tag  
With whitecaps near the shore.*

*Homely things fashioned by the hand of the  
Divine,  
Components of life's complex patterns,  
Intoxicating, exhilarating,  
Peace inspiring.*

—BETTY MORGAN

## AUTUMN IN NEW ENGLAND

*I remember  
Autumn,  
Dipped in stains  
Of gold and red and brown  
Sprinkled with a glaze  
Of cold, first-frosted dew.*

*I remember  
Apples  
And corn stalks in the field,  
The comfort of warm mittens,  
The red scarf 'round your neck.*

*I remember  
Leaves  
Crunching under foot,  
And the way you kicked them  
From the path  
And laughed at my red nose.*

*I remember  
Moonlight  
And a wagon full of hay,  
Cold crisp air that made us laugh  
And singing in the night.*

*I remember  
Bonfires  
Thrilling all the world  
With the very smell  
Of Autumn in New England.*

—PEGGY WORLEY

## HOW TO LIVE ON NOTHING A YEAR

Back in the dark ages people used to go to all sorts of foolish lengths to live on nothing. This hand to mouth living was foolish to say the least. After just eighteen years with my family, I have perfected a method which is fool-proof under any unusual circumstances.

This method is roughly divided into two types . . . Type one and type two. Leave us take them in numerical order.

First we have the "I am your poor relation, what are you going to do about it?" type. The plan to get by on this one can be used the year round at very small cost . . . and always follows the same form. First one writes to one's relatives all over the country, and tells them that one is going to be in their neck of the woods at a certain time of the year. Can one drop in for a few hours to chat? Of course the relatives drop everything to race off and extend a cordial invitation to spend not a few hours but a few days. By careful planning and by strict adherence to the rules of the game one should be able to stretch the few days into three months at the very least . . . even going so far as to break a bone here and there if necessary. This system spread out over countless relatives should ensure peaceful, easy days at a very low cost financially if not emotionally.

The second plan is the "Home is a Fortress" idea. First it is necessary to go to a strange city and rent a house. Never, never pay the first month's rent in advance, however. The next step is to navigate around town buying

everything in sight . . . and on a charge account at all costs. After having filled the larder and the wardrobe, sit tight and await the results, which, I might add, follow very soon. At first you will not recognize certain activities as being the deplorable method employed by shopkeepers as a means for collecting money. They generally begin with a formal notice through the mail. This may be immediately ignored. Next will be a series of door-step calls by the various officials of the shops. Simply refuse to answer the door-bell. It is only when they persist to the third and final method that it is imperative that you be prepared. It might be well to have the family hold drills so that each person may become accustomed to his post. Before assigning the posts, look the family over carefully. For the machine gun in the living room window you must have a steady hand. Give to father the task of setting the dynamite charge under the front walk. Always save the weakest member of the family for the mediocre job of having the car greased and ready if worse comes to worst. Be sure that there are no flaws for many easy getaways have been spoiled by a trembling hand.

Here I have presented the two certain methods for financial bliss on nothing a year . . . one a non-resident sort . . . the other a rather difficult but none the less absorbing method. Take your pick or if you think you're so smart . . . think up a better one.

MARY COLLINS

## SURPRISE PARTY

Ellen hurried back to the dressing table for one last peek into the mirror. She dabbed at her already thoroughly powdered nose. Her reflection was perfectly revealed by the glaring, unshaded lights. Even these lights could not detect the slightest flaw. Her face was radiant and smooth. Brown curls tumbled softly on her bare shoulders. A mere illusion of a dress accentuated her utter femininity, and she let her dainty hands skim admirably over the frilly surface of her skirt.

Her vital reflection looked more like a portrait of a pretty young girl flushing with happiness and elation. A bright smile played on her cherry lips, and a black velvet choker was caught with a gold locket at the curve of her ivory throat. Ellen touched it gently and a lump rose in her throat. Johnny's mother had given it to her two years ago tonight—her first gift from her mother-to-be. How long it had been in Johnny's family she didn't know, but Mrs. Mason's eyes were brimming over when she said, "Ellen, I've saved this for the girl Johnny marries. It's for you, and may it bring you the happiness it has brought to me."

Then the lovely, grey-haired lady had kissed her and quickly left the room. She remembered it vividly in these few seconds. Ellen had said, "Johnny, do you think she really likes me?"

Johnny had flashed a grin that inevitably created a startling contrast of white against tan. "Like you? Who could help it? She's had this little act planned since we were kids, sugar."

The ring of clear, laughing voices brought Ellen out of her reverie, and quickly gathering up her billowy skirts she ran to the door pausing for a few minutes to collect her poise. She clasped the locket fervently and whispered something inaudibly.

The last of the cars had pulled up to the

narrow dirt road that encircled the club house. A smell of dust heavy in the summer air was intermingled with the clean smell of freshly mowed grass that drifted in from the golf course.

Entering the reception room that led from the wide columned porch were swarms of loquacious girls and boys. The receiving line formed to the right of the entrance. Profusions of fragrant flower arrangements blended with gay-colored gowns. The furniture had the freshness of lately starched cretonne slip covers.

Dimity curtains rippled in the gentle breeze. The room had an atmosphere of informality. The unfinished brick hearth and mantel lent a rustic air.

Ellen bubbled over without reservation. Nothing could spoil this evening. Her dance would be a success—and then the surprise! She felt almost smug.

She glanced appreciably in Pat's direction—her very best friend. Whatever could she do without her! Pat was graciously directing the couples upstairs to the dance. She was more charming than ever in her slim black dress, and the lights twinkled on her golden-flecked hair. The stag line looked ravenously toward her and she antagonized their impatience with a disarming smile.

The room was suddenly a blur and all the gay, attractive people merely background. Johnny stood hesitatingly in the door, his brown eyes searching, until they met hers. He was grinning—just like he did that night two years ago, just like he did every night—and he took long strides in her direction. Her eyes felt full. It always gave her a start to see him so tall and distinctively older in his uniform. It was hard to distinguish his sandy hair from his burnished complexion. Ellen thought tonight she noted

an added firmness in his jaw, but it only emphasized the handsome, clean-cut features. A new pair of shiny gold wings were conspicuous against his navy chest, and a stripe of gold braid on each arm brought a swell of pride over her.

A questioning glance at her mother was answered by a nod of dismissal, and Ellen left her place, slid her hand through Johnny's big strong one and led him toward the terrace.

Ellen felt hot against the chilling air, and her heart beat fast. It always did with Johnny. The silence was broken by his low voice. "Flowers for you, honey. I'll pin them on." Ellen smiled up into his face. She thought she had never seen him so serious—Johnny who was always carefree and reckless. And Ellen was glad because he felt the significance of this night.

She looked out across the terrace down the grassy slope of the golf course now painted with a silvery glow. So many memories crowded into her mind. It was on this terrace at a high school dance that Johnny first kissed her. She had felt so small as he pulled her against him. It had been a night just like tonight—still and close. The moon was full, too.

So much had happened since then. There had been more dances. They always danced. Ellen always felt happier and more secure when she danced with Johnny. She was never quite sure of him till then, but once in his strong arms she was deeply sure of him—sure that he loved her.

His voice broke into her thoughts. "Well, Ellen, this is it—tonight." He fumbled with clumsy fingers to untie the wisp of green tulle.

"Yes," she said in a half-whisper. "It's just like we planned. You'd get your commission, come home, and marry me." Her eyes danced as she looked up and said, "Johnny, I'm so glad we didn't tell anyone. Everybody is in for a real surprise."

"Yeah, honey, it's going to surprise a lot of people. Everybody but Pat. I told her."

Ellen felt a quick pang of disappointment, and she looked at Johnny questioningly. "Why, Johnny? We agreed not to tell anybody."

Johnny withdrew a lovely purple throated orchid from the box, and his awkward hands were rough against her shoulder as he pinned it on. "Golly, Pat and I were just talking. I figured you wouldn't mind your best friend knowing."

"It's not that I mind. I adore Pat and want to share everything with her. It's just that it was to surprise her, too."

"I hardly think she would have been surprised anyhow. She knows about us." Johnny's eyes were glued to the floor, and he shuffled his foot nervously.

Ellen caught his hand and pressed it understandingly. "Of course, Johnny, it's all right. Pat would have known by the sparkle in my eyes. I didn't mean to quarrel."

The music poured into the night, and Johnny and Ellen seemed to be aware of it simultaneously. They turned and strolled back through the opened French doors that led to the foot landing looking out over the crowd of dancers. The juke box was throbbing out the strains of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

Ellen felt secure against Johnny's shoulder. She closed her eyes trying subtly to discourage glances from the stag line. A tap on Johnny's shoulder and a friendly, "Sorry, old boy," brought her back to reality.

Ellen mechanically slipped into another pair of arms and said, "Hello." Her worshipful eyes followed Johnny as he sauntered with easy grace over toward the mantle. Tonight she was conscious more than usual of his handsomeness.

"Snap out of that fog, cream puff. He'll be back." Ellen's eyes laughed at Bill, the big ugly fellow who had just cut in on Johnny. Bill was such a swell pal. Nice to have around.

There was another partner, another, and another. The clock crawled around. Ellen fought

her impatience. Happiness surged inside her and wanted to tumble out. She couldn't keep it to herself much longer. Her face felt flushed. Her heart was pounding violently under the white frills. She was going to be married—next week. In a while everybody would know. She, Johnny—and Pat alone shared the secret. Besides, of course, Johnny's and her parents.

She was warm and happy inside. Now upon reflecting she was glad Johnny had told Pat. Her very dearest friend. Johnny had to tell someone, and she was glad it was Pat.

She thought of the times she and Pat had lain awake at night and talked hoarsely into the night about the future. They always ended up on war marriages. Sometimes Pat was provokingly practical about things, but that was because she wasn't in love. Tonight she would be glad about them, because Pat liked Johnny.

Ellen excused herself and left the dance floor. She met her mother at the powder room. They entered together. Mrs. Thaxton was a large, handsome woman in her early fifties. She had a firm corseted look about her that gave an air of neatness and well-grooming. Her cream lace gown fit smoothly. Her grizzled hair was swept off-face in a becoming coiffeur that enhanced her classic stateliness. Dignity was set deep in her soft face.

Ellen had always envied her mother's stability. She noticed the ease with which her mother entertained—gracious, charming, always calm and efficient. When her mother was hostess, nothing went wrong. Just like tonight; everything was perfect.

Ellen and Johnny would be different from her parents. She would always lean on Johnny. She would never be capable like her mother. Johnny would solve the problems, tend to all the business, and she would be content to let him wear the pants. Not like her mother.

Pat was a lot like Mrs. Thaxton. Ellen thought. She had her mother's kind of poise

and ability to handle any situation. Pat had been voted the girl most likely to succeed when they finished high school. Funny, how these different thoughts flashed through her head while she watched her mother meticulously repairing her make-up. She stood still and excited as she waited for her mother's last minute instructions before the announcement. They had rehearsed what she'd say a million times.

Ellen was not listening carefully, but she was vaguely aware of her mother's low guiding voice reminding her of the time. At last there would be no more waiting and suppressing this secret inside her. She had wanted to shout it from the rooftops for weeks. Now she could. First she would have to find Johnny. Together they would tell everybody their plans. A week from tomorrow they would be married and she would go back to Norfolk with him. It was like a movie—childhood sweethearts marry and live happily ever after.

She blinked back tears of sheer joy as her mother kissed her cheek and left her standing there before the mirror. Ellen wished frantically that Pat were there beside her. Pat would say just the right things. She dabbed at her long wet lashes with a lace handkerchief and gazed at herself.

She suddenly felt foolish for behaving so childish, because in all her life she had never been happier. Johnny had an annoying way of keeping her guessing, and she was never quite sure what was in his mind. Now she could tell the world he was hers. He wanted to marry her. Everybody must know!

She walked back onto the crowded dance floor unnoticed and scanned the room for a glimpse of Johnny. He would be the tallest on the floor. Ellen looked more closely, but there was no sign of him. A thought flashed through her mind, and she passed quickly, unobtrusively down the flight of stairs to the reception room. The terrace, of course. He always went out

there for a smoke. That was their favorite spot at the club. In the still night it was always so peaceful, so relaxing to her tired, strained body to stroll out and let the night air wrap around her. Their old rendezvous.

Someone had closed the French doors leading to the terrace. That was odd. Maybe Johnny wasn't there after all. But wait—in a far corner she saw the dim glow of a burning cigarette. Her steps softened as she tipped toward the closed doors. She would go out for a smoke with Johnny. Then they would come in together. While he held her hand and grinned, like he always did, she would tell the crowd that she was going to marry Johnny—next week. She was the luckiest girl in the world!

She wouldn't break into Johnny's thoughts as she visualized him standing out on the cool, clean terrace. She would slip quietly out there beside him and slip her hand in his for a few minutes.

Luckily the door was slightly ajar, and she drew it back without a sound. She was fully over the threshold before she saw Johnny's tall broad shoulders in the moonlight. His back was turned and—and, there someone else beside him. She must be seeing things. He was kissing someone. No. It couldn't be. She must be crazy. She wished desperately that she were mistaken; but knew it was Johnny. She didn't mean to eavesdrop, but she was stunned—so much so that she felt stuck to the floor, unable to move. She could see better now in the darkness. It *was* Johnny, and he was kissing some one on this very—their terrace. Her first impulse to cry violently was checked by a horrible choking, dry feeling that seemed to close her throat. Low voices broke the silence. Johnny's voice. He was saying, "Pat, darling. It's too late."

"I know. We can't stay here like this; we've got to go inside. Ellen must never know."

Johnny gripped her hand determinedly and

said, "Wait. Just one thing more. I can't help loving you, but I never wanted to. I wanted to love Ellen, but it's not that way. I tried so damn hard. I don't know how I got us all into this mess, but I won't hurt her—ever."

That was all she heard. The words beat painfully against her ears. She couldn't think, speak, cry. Oh, God, how she wished she were dreaming. She stumbled from the door and groped her way into the kitchen. She had to think, think—Hot scalding tears were beginning to flow now. She couldn't keep them back. She sank into a chair and leaned against the cold enamel table.

She had to, had to go upstairs to the dance. Tell them something. Anything—but no one must ever know what happened. She would swallow this aching, this humiliation, somehow. If her mother—No, mother couldn't help. Nobody could.

How could they do this to her! Pat, her best friend. How ironical! And Johnny. Why did they let her go on believing—Oh, she must have been acting like a fool. They could have been fair. They were sorry! She didn't want their damn sympathy.

She hated them both. You had to love a person intensely to hate them like this. At least she wanted to hate them. She ought to. But there were those words cutting into her heart. "Ellen must never know," Pat's low voice was saying. And Johnny's strong, deliberate, "I won't hurt her—ever."

Things were becoming clearer. Things about Johnny and Pat. Now it all made sense. She had been stupid, childish, blind. Nobody's fault but her own—not to have seen.

What could she say? The crowd had already sensed that something was coming off tonight. Words wouldn't come. She clinched her long lacquered nails deep into her hand, swallowed hard, and forced back the on-rushing tears.

Suddenly she was going up the stairs, walk-

ing across the dance floor. Her mother motioned to someone to turn off the music. She smiled reassuringly at her. Ellen prayed she would die. The room was rapidly becoming quiet as a wave of hushed expectancy settled over the crowd.

Ellen forced herself to smile. She was talking feverishly—saying something. Johnny was

leaving in a few weeks. This was his going away party. They had planned to wait. His going away party. His going away party.

The choking sensation in her throat became less intense. She reached up and felt her bare neck. The locket slid from her throat and made a soft thud at her feet.

EMMA LEE FELKEL

## DREAMS

*Dreams are the fleecy pale pink mists,  
Soft and illusively sweet,  
Pirouette turns and light little twists,  
Dancing on quick dainty feet.*

*Dreams are the stuff of which worlds are made,  
The hand in the velvet glove,  
The very foundations of life are laid  
By the ageless dreams of love.*

*My dreams are white houses and little green  
lawns  
And a life to share with you . . .  
My heart grows fuller as each day dawns,  
Because these dreams will come 'true.*

—MARY ANN ROACH

## "RICH"

We girls and boys who have graduated from the little high school in Greenville carry with us many glowing memories; some of the most vivid are those of "Rich." Rich's vital statistics would read, "Richard Parham, Colored, Age: 60, Occupation: Janitor," yet he meant so much more to us that we shall never forget him. I saw Rich for the first time when I was six years old, a few days after I had started to school. He came into the first grade room, meeting our wide-eyed childish wonder with a warm grin that revealed white teeth beneath his black moustache, and pushed the laughter wrinkles deeper into his dark cheeks. We looked up at him as he stood there, tall and strong, a faded blue coverall jacket, mended but neat, hanging loosely from his broad shoulders; then, with the sure instinct children have, we took him to our hearts. Miss Martha told us Rich was going to town and would bring us anything we wanted. One by one, shyly, we went up to him, our small fists clutching grimy nickels to put in his big palm. He bent down gravely over each young head, giving his full attention to our requests for "three suckers, please," "a Blue Horse tablet," or "two penny pencils." Later in the morning, Rich returned, the pockets of the blue jacket bulging with candy and theme paper, yo-yos and pencils. This time we greeted him with squeals of delight and happy cries of, "Rich, Rich!" Each child received the article he had sent for; from then on "sending by Rich" was a daily occurrence, continuing throughout the eleven years we went to school. We did not realize until later what a remark-

able feat it was for Rich to remember every one of the varied items he was asked to get without writing them down.

Remarkable also is Rich's loyalty. No longer young, he swept the classroom floors as carefully last year as he did at the beginning of his long service. Heavy scuttles of coal bowed his shoulders, his feet clumped more slowly up the stairs, but the rooms were always warm. Oh, three summers ago, Rich took a job as janitor in a hospital, with better pay and easier work than his job at school. He was urged to stay on permanently, but when September came, Rich was back on The Hill to start us off to school once more. He is there now; as I write, it is recess time, and Rich is probably standing against the red brick wall where the sun is warmest, his battered old pipe sending up a blue curl of smoke. He won't be there long unmolested, though, for a group of mischievous little boys will sneak around the corner and fall upon him with shouts and cries, the shortest of them tugging at his knees as he struggles to defend himself. He will chuckle, his kind eyes twinkling with merriment, as he engages in mock battle with his pugnacious little friends.

When I go home Christmas, one of my first visits will be paid to the school on The Hill, to see my old classmates and my teachers. I am looking forward to seeing Rich, to looking up again at that face whose every feature speaks of kindness and strength of character. The old darky will grin and say, "Howdy, Miss Elizabeth, it sho' is good to see you back."

ELIZABETH HARMON

## BOOK REVIEWS

## STRONGER THAN FEAR

RICHARD TREGASKIS

(Random House)

Dedicated to the valor of the Infantry, "Stronger Than Fear" delineates the struggle to conquer fear as it is carried on in the soul of one young infantry officer on the Western Front. In his first novel, war correspondent, Richard Tregaskis, tells the story of advanced infantry patrol warfare on one street in one small German town and the thoughts and emotions it evokes in one man. It is only through relating some individual struggle that a universal problem is made understandable. As much as any single story can be "Stronger Than Fear" is a picture of all warfare.

Tregaskis portrays in Paul Kreider, the central figure of his novel, the ever constant battle waged against a man's normal desire to live and return to his wife and child and the resultant effects on his attitudes toward his superior officers, his men and his friends. How each man achieves some individual attitude toward war as a personal menace not an impersonal danger and fights with that in mind is told with an economy of words that in no way lessens the excellence of this powerful novel which is really little more than a long short story.

"It was a matter of personal conscience, or a debt to pay for a buddy who had been killed or a proudness which was unwilling to tolerate cowardice on the part of the individual. And as far as Paul Kreider was concerned, the insistence on acting like an honorable human being had come to be the basis of the war." That such action could be very difficult indeed is proved over and over again by Paul Kreider in the comparatively short space of one day.

Richard Tregaskis knows whereof he speaks, for this 6'7" diabetic, unfit for military service, served on a front line as a correspondent in the Pacific and Italy. Out of this experience came "Guadalcanal Diary" and "Invasion Diary" as well as malaria and mortar shell wound which caused his loss of speech for five months. Now from his experiences racing across France with the armored divisions and pushing through Germany with the doughfoots comes a first novel which retains vivid factual reporting coupled with the ability to create convincing characters and realistic dialogue. His men ring great and true. They do not talk of fighting the war for the right to boo the Dodgers or eat

Ma's apple pie.

The war will produce many novels. Some will be by men who like Tregaskis have been there. The public will probably be just as satisfied by skillful Harry Brown's "A Walk In The Sun," which was written before the author ever experienced combat or Time Correspondent John Hersey's "Bell for Adano," which is an excellent novel about the problems of mili-

tary government. It seems likely, however, that twenty-eight-year-old Harvard graduate Tregaskis has written one of the best pieces of fiction to come out of the war. Proof rests on the statements of men who were there and feel, "This is the way it was."

Reviewed by—  
BETTY THOMPSON

### FORGET THEE?

*Forget thee? Bid the roses forget the dew,  
The stars desert the sky; the bird his song.  
These done; then bid me forget you.*

*Forget thee? Bid the sailor forget the sea;  
The pastor, his God; the farmer, his soil.  
Then, truly, thou shall be forgot by me.*

—MARIE MARKEY

## MAN—THE ETERNAL

### CHARACTERS:

*Marianne*—Girl of 20, attractive, dark, tall, recent college graduate.

*Father*—Tall, slim, distinguished man with intellectual tendencies. About 50.

*Jim*—Tall, dark, 24-year-old med student.

*Bud*—Tall, dark, 22-year-old V-12, quite interested in economics.

*Davy*—15-year-old high school student.

*Walter*—Ensign in U. S. Navy.

*(Curtain goes up on well-lighted living room. On the mantel are pictures of four boys. It is about 8:00 o'clock at night and the phone is ringing. Marianne comes running out of kitchen—apron on, hair flying, wiping soapsuds on her apron.)*

*Marianne*: Hello—*(She drops onto arm of sofa.)* Hello—oh—*(Breathlessly)* Hello, Walter. I thought—why, hello! Yes—I thought you were in Norfolk—or out at sea. Where are you? Here in Crestlawn! *(She pushes free hand to her head, jumps up from sofa to finish conversation standing up.)* Oh—you mean you're here in Crestlawn! Yes—I mean no—I mean—yes—er—yes. Would I mind if you dropped in for a few minutes? Why no—why I tell you what, I'll come get you in the car. Where are you? Oh—oh—all right—well—all right—you come on up then. Good-bye! *(She stands up in a daze, then whips off apron, rushes around room straightening things and calling.)* Dad, Jim, Bud, Davy—come here! Come here quick! Hurry! *(To herself)* Oh! my goodness! this place is a mess—and my hands! *(She gazes at the soapsuds.)* Dad, hurry. Jim, Bud, Davy—come here!

*Dad*: *(Poking head in through entrance on right, paper in hand.)* Eh? What is it, Marianne? I really have to check these stocks.

*Marianne*: Oh, bother the stock market!

Here, come sit down. *(She motions toward sofa.)* Jim, Bud, Davy.

*(Two men of varying size enter from left.)*

*Jim*: *(Pen in hand.)* Heavens, Marianne, what's the fuss about? My lab report. . . .

*Bud*: *(Book in hand.)* Yeah—what's the racket? I've gotta read this economics.

*Marianne*: *(Pushing them on sofa.)* Never mind your medicine and sociology. Where's Davy?

*Davy*: *(Crawling in through French window.)* Here I am! I was oiling my bike. What's the matter—didja see another mouse? *(He drops himself on floor by sofa, oil can in hand.)*

*Marianne*: No. Oh, listen, you men: the most wonderful thing has happened; Walter's here!

*Bud*: Walter—who's he?

*Davy*: *(Quietly to Bud.)* The third from the left on the dresser.

*Bud*: Oh! *(Understandingly.)*

*Marianne*: Oh, Davy, be quiet. You all know who Walter is! He's the one I haven't heard from in months. The Navy man, the ensign, the one who went to M. I. T. *(She speaks beseechingly.)* Dad, you know!

*Dad*: Yes, my dear, I remember. He has quite a distinguished father.

*Jim*: And quite a sophisticated air.

*Bud*: Oh—you mean the conservative.

*Davy*: Yeah—that short guy she has to wear flat heels with.

*Marianne*: *(Exasperated.)* Oh—dry up! Listen you all. He's in town for only an hour, and he's going to drop in in a few minutes and I've got to work fast. *(She is pinning up her hair and smoothing her dress.)* He's leaving for the Pacific again at 10:00—and this time it's for two years.

*Bud:* That's tough.

*Davy:* But rough.

*Jim:* Highly unfortunate.

*Dad:* Yes, indeed.

*Marianne:* Now listen, you lugs. I'm not gonna put up with any foolishness from you. This is the man I want. And I want this living room empty—and no remarks from any of you! Now those are orders!

*Dad:* But, daughter. . . .

*Jim:* Yeah, Sister, do you think you're doing the right thing?

*Bud:* Are you sure he'll fit in the family?

*Davy:* You mean I'm gonna have another brother?

*Marianne:* You certainly are—if I can handle things. You men needn't think that just because you've got a good cook and bottle-washer in this house—and a free washwoman—that you're not gonna include her husband too. Why in three years you fellas'll have homes of your own—and I don't intend to be your maid then!

*Bud:* (*With affection.*) Why, sister. . . .

*Davy:* (*Sweetly.*) Marianne. . . .

*Jim:* (*Sternly.*) It isn't that, dear. But it's just that we want to make sure you choose the right man.

*Dad:* Yes, dear. If your mother were living it would be different.

*Jim:* Yes, and it isn't every man who'll fit into the Preston household. (*Lighting his pipe.*) Or please the Preston men.

*Marianne:* (*Firmly.*) Don't start that on me! Listen, you four, I want a free hand to-night. Please, just once. It isn't like I was gonna marry him tomorrow. Please. I'll admit you were right about George and Tom. . . .

*Davy:* (*Firmly.*) And Pete.

*Bud:* And Ross.

*Marianne:* (*Almost crying.*) Well, yes . . . but this time it's different. Please promise, won't you?

*Dad:* (*Weakly.*) Oh—all right, dear.

*Jim:* All right.

*Bud:* You better run get fixed. I sure wouldn't fall for you in that outfit!

*Davy:* Yeah—wear that pink thing.

(*Marianne runs out laughing.*)

*Jim:* (*Calling after her.*) And those French pearls I bought you!

*Marianne:* (*She calls out from door.*) All right, you sweet dears.

(*The four men look at each other dejectedly. Jim rises and goes to mantel; Father takes his big chair; Bud sprawls on sofa; Davy remains on floor.*)

*Jim:* (*Commandingly.*) It isn't that we don't want Marianne to get married.

*Dad:* Of course not. But. . . .

*Bud:* But it's the type of man she picks.

*Jim:* Yes, that's it.

*Bud:* Of course.

*Jim:* We can't let a man without great intelligence into this family.

*Bud:* Or one without liberal viewpoints.

*Davy:* Or a sissy.

*Dad:* Or one Marianne doesn't really love.

*Jim:* Besides, if Marianne got married who would type my lab reports?

*Bud:* And who would file my sociology reports?

*Davy:* And who would feed me?

*Dad:* And who would love us all?

(*They sigh dejectedly as front door bell rings. Marianne trips downstairs. Men scurry out of room, each leaving an object in room: Bud—a book, Davy—oil can, Dad—paper, Jim—pen. Bud and Jim leave at left, Dad to right, Davy out window. Marianne starts to door, hesitates, rushes back, turns lights down low and straightens flowers on piano. Then she strolls slowly to the door and opens it.*)

*Marianne:* Walter! (*Cordially.*) Come in! (*She extends hand.*)

*Walter:* How do you do, Marianne? (*Stiffly takes her hand.*)

*Marianne:* Walter, you're looking wonderful! (*She is still staring at him.*)

*Walter: (Tucking her hand under his arm.)* You don't look so bad yourself!

*Marianne: (Excitedly, pulling him into living room.)* Won't you sit down—here—on the sofa. You must have had a long journey!

*Walter:* Well, as a matter of fact, I did.

*Marianne: (Sitting beside him, curled so that she can face him.)* Oh, tell me all about it. Where did you come from?

*Walter:* Well, I took a Navy plane from Norfolk down to Jacksonville this afternoon. I happened to have a two-hour wait for my west-bound train, so I thought I'd run out and see you for a few minutes.

*Marianne:* Oh, I see. You didn't just plan to come.

*Walter:* Well, as a matter of fact I didn't—as travel conditions are so impossible—but now that I'm here—*(He smiles.)* I'm glad.

*Marianne:* Oh—I'm glad, too. I've been wondering where you were and what you were doing. Did they send you on cruises from Norfolk? I haven't heard in some time.

*Walter:* Oh, yes! I thought I wrote you about that. We were sent on a two-month cruise in the Atlantic. I learned quite a bit about the Navy from the toughened crew I manned.

*Marianne:* I'm sure you did. And I'm sure you taught them quite a bit, too.

*Walter: (Smiling slowly.)* Well, a little probably.

*Marianne:* Oh, I think it's so wonderful—the work you men do. It's so hard—and mechanical and technical. I could never learn it! *(Warming up.)*

*Walter:* Oh, it's not much. After you finish midshipman's school you have sufficient knowledge to do most of it.

*Marianne:* Well, I still think it's wonderful. *(Sighing.)* It's so good to see you, fella.

*Walter:* Well—how have you been getting along with your housekeeping and your house full of men?

*Marianne:* Just fine. Really, I've been hav-

ing a wonderful time. You should see me cook . . . my brothers are amazed.

*Walter:* It's good for you.

*(Meanwhile Jim has tiptoed to door on left. There is a pause in the conversation. Jim, who can't see anything in the dimly-lighted room, raises his eyebrow.)*

*Walter:* What do you hear from the gang? —Pete—Sam?

*Marianne: (Hurriedly.)* Oh, them. Nothing really. I haven't heard from either of them in weeks.

*(Jim coughs loudly and stumbles into the living room.)*

*Jim:* Er—I seem to have lost my fountain pen. Er—did I leave it in here? *(Reaches for mantel.)* Oh—er—hello, Sam. I didn't know you were coming over tonight.

*Marianne:* Jim, this isn't Sam—it's Walter. And you knew very well that he was coming!

*Jim:* Oh—oh, yes, of course. *(Shakes hands with Walter who has stood up.)* How are you, old man? Good to see you again. How's the Navy?

*Walter:* Fine.

*Jim: (Pulling up a chair, to Marianne's obvious dismay.)* You're in chemical engineering, aren't you?

*Walter:* Why—yes!

*Jim:* Excellent field. Excellent. I was just reading an article in the *Professional Journal* on engineering. Seems that they are offering graduate fellowships to returning veterans at M. I. T. Sounds like a good thing.

*Walter:* Yes, I've heard something about them. I intend to take my doctor's before I begin work.

*Jim:* Yes, that's a wise course, a very wise course. Don't you think so, Marianne?

*Marianne: (Gulping.)* Oh, yes!

*Jim:* These fellowships at M. I. T. are doubled provided the applicant is unmarried.

*Walter:* It that so?

*Jim:* Yes. But that's only a trivial attraction

—a mere thousand dollars difference.

*Walter:* M. I. T. is an excellent institution—excellent. I did my undergraduate work there.

*Jim:* You did! Well now, what did you think of Prof. Henderson?

*Mariannes:* Er—Jim, er—aren't your embryology reports due tomorrow?

*Jim:* Why—er—yes.

*Marianne:* Well, here's your fountain pen, dear, and I do think you'd better get to work.

*Jim:* (*Rising.*) Oh—all right. Glad to have seen you, Walter. And glad to hear you are considering that M. I. T. doctorate. (*Exit.*)

*Walter:* Nice fellow, your brother. He finishes in medicine this June, doesn't he?

*Marianne:* Yes. (*Dejectedly.*)

*Walter:* He has a keen mind.

*Marianne:* (*Warming up.*) Now—do go on with what you were telling me! What do you think about all day out on the sea?

*Walter:* Think about? Oh—well—for one thing—my chemical engineering formulas. You know—a man has to be on his toes in an emergency—and especially an officer.

*Marianne:* Of course. (*With sympathy.*) (*Eagerly.*) And—eh—at night—er what do think of at night?

*Walter:* (*As if the thought had just struck him.*) Oh—say—one night I thought about the fun we had. . . .

*Marianne:* Yes? (*Eagerly.*)

(*Bud's head sticks out of door on left and he enters on tiptoe.*)

*Walter:* I say—hello Bud. (*He stands.*)

*Bud:* Oh—hello, Pete. Is this your night again?

*Marianne:* Bud, it isn't Pete—it's Walter.

*Bud:* Of course. Hello, Walter. Glad to see you, old fellow. I say, Sis, have you seen my economics book?

*Marianne:* Why no—

*Bud:* (*Ignoring Marianne.*) I can't remember—did we ever talk about it? What do you think of Communism, Walter?

*Walter:* Communism?

*Bud:* Yes. Do you believe that the social implications of the post-war world demand a new regime?

*Walter:* I think the interrelations of economic and political circles are going to have to be delicately worked out, but I can't say I think Communism will do it.

*Bud:* (*Condescendingly.*) Well, my boy, we Preston men are pro-Communists. (*With a swagger.*) And besides that we support labor under all c l a s h e s—and—(*Strolling up and down the room.*)

*Marianne:* Bud, Hush! Walter, don't believe a word of it.

*Bud:* Ho—I suppose you don't plan to tell him that our great-grandfather was hanged by an English king for killing four nobles—or that our cousin is in a California jail for swindling a millionaire . . . or that. . . . (*He takes a breath.*)

*Marianne:* Hush, Bud. Here's your economics book. Do you want anything else? (*Hurriedly.*)

*Bud:* No—er—no—(*He reaches door.*) I only want to warn you, fella, that we Preston men are a daring, rugged bunch of radicals—and we don't like conservatism. (*He shakes his fist and stalks out.*)

*Marianne:* (*Laughing self consciously.*) You'd think. . . .

*Walter:* (*Interrupting her.*) Ha—he's a character. I say, Marianne, your cousin didn't really swindle a millionaire?

*Marianne:* (*Laughing, too.*) Well—er—I wouldn't put it that way.

*Walter:* (*Taking out pipe.*) Where were we?

*Marianne:* (*Turning soft eyes up to him.*) You—you were telling me what you thought of—er—at night—on the waters.

*Walter:* (*Taking a puff.*) So I was—(*He smiles.*) Now what was I saying?

(*Davy leaps through French windows and crawls around on floor.*)

Davy: I say, Marianne, have you seen my 3-In-One Oil can?

Marianne: (*With exasperation.*) No, Davy.

Davy: (*Without hearing her.*) It was in here somewhere. Who cut the lights down? (*He clicks them on.*) How anybody expects a fella to see in a room as dark as this is beyond me! (*Looking at Walter in surprise.*) Oh—another man!

Marianne: Davy, you remember Walter?

Davy: (*Stopping before him.*) Hmm—nice physique. You've gained some weight since the last time I saw you. Lemme feel your muscle.

(*Walter extends arm to be felt. Davy nods approvingly.*) Don't guess you ever swab any decks?

Walter: Hardly! (*Puffing on pipe.*)

Davy: Do you play football?

Walter: I did a little in college.

Davy: Basketball?

Walter: Center guard.

Davy: Tennis?

Walter: A little.

Davy: Swim?

Walter: (*Nodding.*) Dive, too!

Davy: Hmm—you're kinda short.

Walter: Five feet and ten inches.

Davy: All the Preston men are over six feet. Besides, sister's five feet and seven inches.

Marianne: (*Openly shocked.*) Davy! Really! (*She has found oil can under sofa.*) Here's your oil—now beat it!

Davy: Aw, sis!

Marianne: Now beat it! (*Sternly.*) (*Exit Davy through window.*)

Walter: Funny fellow.

Marianne: Yes, isn't he? (*Bitterly. She gazes at her watch.*) Er—Walter. . . .

Walter: What is it? (*Interestedly.*)

Marianne: Oh—er—(*Hastily.*) I was just wondering if you were hungry. I have a pie. . . .

Walter: No thank you, Marianne—I really have to run in just a minute.

Marianne: Oh—(*Sadly.*)

(*Father walks in.*)

Father: Thought I heard voices. Well—how do you do, Walter my boy; awfully nice to have you with us. (*He sits down in chair and beams.*)

Walter: How do you do, Sir!

Father: Yes indeed. I love to see the various ones return on their furloughs. Makes the old house ring again.

Walter: It's good to be back, Sir.

Father: Yes, Sir. Good to see things like the old days again.

Walter: Yes, Sir.

(*Marianne is fidgeting around room.*)

Father: 'Fraid it'll be a good number of years before we can really make definite plans though. Don't you think so, son?

Walter: Yes, I do.

Father: Seems like it'll be ten years before we get back to normal. These hastily made war plans will certainly dissolve themselves, I fear.

Walter: War hysteria brings on many unfortunate situations—I agree.

Father: Yes, couples must think a long time before—

Marianne: (*Sternly.*) Father, did you come for your paper?

Father: (*Surprised.*) Why, yes—so I did.

Marianne: (*Poking it at him.*) Well—here it is! (*She stands over him.*)

Father: (*Rising.*) Well, good-night, Walter. Nice to have had you drop in. (*Leaves by right exit.*)

Marianne: (*In despair dropping on sofa.*) Oh—

Walter: (*Rising as she goes down.*) I'm afraid I'll have to go. I want to send a couple of wires before I catch the train.

Marianne: (*Weakly.*) Oh.

Walter: It was certainly nice to see you, Marianne. (*Extending hand.*)

Marianne: (*Putting hers limply into his.*) It—was—nice—to—see you, too, Walter.

Walter: I'll try to do better about writing.

*(He approaches door.)*

Marianne: Oh—that's all right—*(Slowly—in a daze.)*

Walter: Well—goodbye now—

Marianne: Goodbye.

*(Walter goes out door. Marianne comes into living room, sits down on sofa quietly staring into nothing, then bursts out into sobs. Bud and Jim instantly appear at left. Dad rushes in from right and Davy leaps in through the window. All exclaim—)*

Marianne!

Jim: Marianne—what's wrong?

Bud: She never cries.

Davy: Or gets upset.

Dad: Or unhappy.

Jim: *(Touching her shoulder.)* What's the matter?

Marianne: *(Sobbing.)* Nothing—nothing at all—except you just drove the only man I ever really wanted to marry out of my house. And I'll never see him again—never. And all because of your blasted fountain pen and economics book and oil can and paper—Ohhh—*(She falls back on sofa.)*

*(All four look at each other in astonishment.)*

Jim: He's planning to get his doctor's at M. I. T.

Bud: And he's very liberal.

Davy: And he has muscles.

Dad: And she loves him.

*(They stare at each other a minute—then bolt out of room.)*

Jim: I'll take the bus station. *(Out of back.)*

Dad: I'll take the train. *(Out of front.)*

Bud: I'll catch the airport. *(Out of back.)*

Davy: Me for the harbor. *(Out of window.)*

*(Marianne remains in tears. Front door opens quietly and Walter tiptoes back in—a determination in his face.)*

Walter: Marianne.

Marianne: Huh? *(Face still buried in pillow.)*

Walter: Marianne—Marianne—It's me—Walter. I—I forgot something.

Marianne: *(Jumping up quickly, rubbing eyes.)* Huh? Walter? What? You did?

Walter: *(Tenderly.)* Yes—something very important.

Marianne: *(Looking about room.)* What? I—

Walter: *(Taking her hands.)* My girl.

Marianne: Your what? *(Unbelieving.)*

Walter: I wanted to tell you, but I just couldn't quite get it out. I'm not so good at sweet phrases, but—well—It's what I thought about at night on the sea—I love you.

Marianne: You do?

Walter: Yes, and in spite of all my career plans, this upset world—and all that—I want you to wait for me. Will you?

Marianne: Why—yes—*(She wipes her eyes. He folds her to him to kiss her.)*

*(Dad pokes head in at right; Bud and Jim at left; David at window. They see clinch—wince—then nod approvingly—and with obvious discreetness, disappear.)*

*(Curtain)*

MARTHA RUMBLE